

Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

There has been so much outside talk and blow about Kansas cyclones recently—indeed in for the evident purpose of injuring the state, that we are getting hot.

Judge Bill Webb has at last got his paw into the treasury for his reform labors last winter. He grabbed \$300 for services in defending State Treasurer Riddle.

The administration is proceeding in the matter of opening the Cherokee strip at a rate which clearly shows that it is quite as unfriendly to the settlers as the one that existed when Sparks was land commissioner.

The cost of fire protection in this country is estimated at \$250,000,000 per annum. The fire losses it is believed reach \$150,000,000 per year. The cost of sustaining insurance companies is not less than \$65,000,000 per year.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: "Some congressmen are kicking at the paltry salary of \$5,000 per annum, but you don't hear any wail of the kind from Jerry Simpson. He has sense enough to know when he is getting more than his worth. Two-thirds of his colleagues should go to Jerry for a pointer."

Hon. A. W. Smith, having been accused of desiring to again be the Republican candidate for governor, writes a letter in which he objects to talk about himself and crowds, but he makes no allusion to the point at issue, that is whether or not he is a candidate, which omission leaves him at least in the category of a willful liar.

The ministers of North Topeka have been trying to answer the question, "Do you want political party would Christ believe were he on earth now?" The chances are that he would find one of his own, and that he would win with it—Lawrence Journal.

He would need to create a new lot if he did—not that we would limit his power, but from the perverted the present race and in view of the orthodoxy of the doctrine of the free agency of man.

Secretary of the state is the most arrogant coward of the whole Populist list. When arraigned on a charge of criminal libel he declared that being a state official he was not subject to arrest, thereby indirectly acknowledging that if he had known he was amenable to the law as others, he would not have used the slanderous allegations he did against Cy Leland and Commissioner Mitchell.

Being protected, as he supposed, from prosecution the cowardice in his make up was encouraged to assert itself. Such acts are the very acme of meanness.

The Santa Fe managers at Topeka appear to be getting all the skilled workmen they require to take the place of the former employees who struck two weeks ago. Thus far, all right. But it is said the new men are from Homestead, Pa., and are from among the skilled mechanics that quit the employ of the Carnegie Co., a year or more ago. If this is true, the work will probably be only temporary makeshift. The Homestead workmen are all union men, and the chances are that as soon as they get in their places they will find grievances enough to walk out.

The sugar mills at Medicine Lodge have been experimenting, the past few days, with the sorghum syrup received a short time ago from Sterling. The tests so far made have been very satisfactory, the sugar yield being about 20 per cent. of sugar from the syrup used. This is fully as large a yield as was expected, and yet those in charge of the experimenting hope to get larger results. This is the idea of Professor Denton of Sterling who has devoted much time and effort in the development of the sorghum cane with a view to its future use in supplying the country with sugar.

Lewelling and his crowd have again shown the clown foot. After openly siding with the Santa Fe strikers in the reading contest they had the gall to ask managers of the company to furnish transportation, free, for a lot of men who refused to work for the company. But this was not the meanest part of the performance. The state officials gave a copy of the written request they made of the railroad people to the local papers and it was published before it was sent to the managers of the road. Why this was done is difficult to imagine, unless it was to influence public sentiment in the community and thus in some measure coerce the managers into compliance with the request. Of course the contemptible trick failed.

French Canadians are said to be leaving the vicinity of Quebec for the United States at the rate of 150 a day. These emigrants are nearly all farmers or husbandmen from the lower St. Lawrence regions, and in many instances they are following friends and relatives who have already found homes in the United States. Many of these emigrants desert their farms absolutely, leaving them without intention of returning, selling them for what they can get, but leaving them anyway. This desertion is a serious thing for the province, for it means the return of such sections of the country to a state of nature, with little prospect of their being again occupied for a long time. This exodus is also large from other portions of Canada, the estimate being that the rate of emigration is at least 20,000 per month.

HYPONOTIZING THE COURT.

In the hearing case now pending at Paris, Mr. Carter, counsel for the United States, is said to be achieving a great professional triumph and strengthening the American position at every point. As an illustration of the convincing force of his argument a cablegram to the World says:

An amusing feature of proceedings was the sleepiness of some of the arbitrators. Lord Hanan, one of the British arbitrators, slept comfortably. Senator Morgan showed a similar tendency, but corrected himself with a visible effort. Sir John Thompson of Canada also slept well. With three of the arbitrators asleep at this early stage of the conference, where will the court be six weeks from now? Dr. Flint would find there a fine field for the exercise of his powers as a hypnotic restorer, though he might not find the job a snap.

THE KINETOGRAPH.

If electricians keep on the people of this world will soon be in such delirious uncertainty as to just how much each knows of the other's doings that it will be unsafe to be engaged in any transaction which one would not be willing to expose to view in the open streets. The telephone has caused no end of mischief. Some busybody finds his wire crossed with his neighbor's wire. Forthwith he posts himself to find out what is going on in the neighborhood. While such vigilance is generally unrewarded, occasionally rich developments occur. Within a year a dozen scandals have resulted from eavesdroppers intercepting juicy conversations in this manner. Now comes the kinetograph, Edison's latest contribution. The kinetograph is to the eye what the telephone is to the ear. Things occurring at remotely distant points are mirrored to the observer, who posts himself at the kinetograph, and by electric connection peers into quarters a hundred miles away. Just think of it. Imagine the possibilities unfolded by the invention of this diabolical inquisitor. Let the reader suppose that every act of which he has been guilty, good or bad, could have been reproduced in the houses of his neighbors ten squares away. A little further along we may expect that a way will be found of photographing the images thus produced by the kinetograph and thus perpetrating them.

There are two pop county treasurers in the state who are being investigated. There will be a dozen of them before they all get out of office.

Indianapolis Journal: "The Columbian sovereign coin has proved a failure. Congress made a gift to the Exposition managers of \$2,500,000 worth of the coins, and the managers expected to sell them for a \$1 apiece, realizing \$5,000,000. Instead of that only \$827,000 worth have been sold up to date, and over \$4,000,000 worth of the pretty pieces are left in kegs in the safety vaults. The coin does not seem to have hit the popular fancy at all, and the extent that its designers expected. On the other hand, it is all right, and would, if there had been nothing in the way, have promptly taken the entire lot. The enterprise carried with it the idea of a chance, to which the government was a party, and this robbed it of popular sympathy to the extent of overcoming the curious desire for the coin as a souvenir."

THE STRIKE OF CAPITAL.

Capital is striking, and has been striking for years. In the east millions of dollars can be found lying idle in the banks. Every town of three or four thousand people has a bank that pays no interest and in which many thousands of dollars are deposited for safe keeping. The government finds no difficulty in borrowing money at 2 1/2 per cent. Why then is this idle capital? Largely because of the strike. Capitalists will not invest their capital in manufacturing, in mining, in railroads, because they are not willing to place themselves at the mercy of labor. They imagine that they have a right to compel capitalists to come to their terms. This country is not near able to supply its own wants in the way of manufactured articles. There is a market here for thousands of millions of dollars' worth more than we can produce. There is room for twice as many manufacturing as we already have. Many of them would be built and there would be many more jobs for workmen if capital were not on a strike against labor.—Lawrence Journal.

CORRUPT POLITICS.

Speaking of the corrupt practices in the North Dakota legislature, the Evening Post says: "The Republicans had a majority of the members of this body and yet they failed to elect a Republican senator, while the choice of a Democrat is alleged to have been secured by the bribery of some of the Republicans who voted for him. The Fargo Argus declared that 'it was about the most shameless, venal legislative body that ever convened in one of the states of the Union,' and it endorses the charge made by men who were on the ground that votes for United States senator were openly bought. Indeed, it says that legislators not only sold their votes, but sold them over and over again, some bargains being made not only for a ballot, some for an hour, some for a day, and some for varying periods. There seems to have been a very organized scheme to pick candidates, and the Argus says that many members took home with them more money than they ever saw before in their lives. Such testimony of home witnesses furnish an additional reason for a thorough investigation by the senate into the choice of Mr. Roush to that body."

A New Fad From England.

English girls have a new fad. They have taken to setting up their favorite bits of literature in the "Braide" type for the amusement of the blind. The work is easy, and it is a praiseworthy form of charity, since the literature for the blind has hitherto been limited.

A Serious Matter.

It is a pressing on the way to the penitentiary should be taken from the office of the law and killed in a revolting manner. It may be by many means of high character, passed without comment, but it cannot be ignored. It is not a trifling crime. It is a dangerous society, and it is a menace to the safety of our institutions, and it is a disgrace to our civilization. The time will come when it will be a matter of much more serious moment for society to protect itself against mobs than against criminals.

For the Eagle.

DON'T PULL DOWN THE FLAG.

Written on reading that the Star-Spangled Banner was hoisted down in the Sandwich Islands, by order of a Democratic president. Yes! Hail down the flag! Let it never wave on the flagpole of Freedom. You formerly styled it An old Yankee rag. When Democrats struggled To haul down the flag, Behold England's flag, how It waves in the breeze, From her own island home To the antipodes. In September's race, we No longer should lag. Let a traitor's Freedom Whip, curl down the flag. Our flag shall wave proudly By the great love, it shall From Alaska down to the Panama canal.

It shall cover the sea, And from every shore, In far, foreign lands, Shall be seen Freedom's flag. Don't pull down the flag! Freedom's robes shall be Schismatics and winds that Blow over the sea. Beyond the wild ocean, Let our flag be unfurled; Driving kindly justice Away from the world.

ONE OF THE MACK.

Glen Mary Farm, April 21, 1893.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

From the El Dorado Republican. A million ex-Union soldiers survive the late war. A million widows and orphans survive the husbands and fathers who fell in that service, or who have died since the successful termination of that terrific struggle.

But for the loyal and patriotic services of these men the Jefferson Davis confederacy would today be as much an established and recognized government as ours.

The northwestern states would have set up a separate and independent government, while the Pacific states would today be floating a flag of their own.

The capital at Washington would have been removed to New York, as a matter of safety.

The Mississippi river would be perpetually blocked, the four separate governments, now under one flag, would have been a perpetual menace to each other, with vast armies to protect the borders of each.

There would be no public debt, no ex-Union soldiers, no widows and orphans to pension.

With the principle of secession, once established, any state could, at any time, withdraw from the central government and set up for itself, so that instead of a nation of sixty-five millions of people we would today be a multiplicity of small confederations.

But then there would be no army of pensioners, no ex-Union soldiers, no widows and orphans to pension.

Through the patriotic services of the million ex-Union soldiers who survive, and of their comrades who are dead, this nation has been preserved in all its strength and glory and is today the richest and most powerful government on the globe.

To the millions of survivors of that war this government owes a great debt of honor, a debt that it can never pay.

No soldier of that war, no widow or orphan of that war, should ever be permitted by this government to go hungry. And no man with a patriotic heart in his breast will listen to such propositions for a moment.

What if it does cost \$150,000,000 or \$200,000,000 annually? What are millions or billions compared to the life of this nation?

These persons are debts of gratitude, debts of honor, and every ex-Union soldier who applies for a pension, whether he is disabled or not, should be given one.

It makes no difference. If he was a soldier and served his country, and today calls on the government to help him, there should be no splitting of hairs as to the amount he should receive.

The man who was paid in the government, but is returned to the government again; and no man, be he ever so rich, can detect the amount he contributes to the payment of these pensions.

The ex-Union soldier should be provided with all the actual necessities of life so long as he may live, and each individual citizen under the flag ought to daily thank God that they live in a country that is willing and able to make these veterans comfortable and happy in their declining years.

And the nation itself should establish a day of thanksgiving and prayer that so many of these old soldiers are yet alive to enjoy the blessings of peace and happiness so bountifully vouchsafed to this people.

ON SOME TITLE DEEDS.

Man, who builds houses, palaces and cities, Man, who engines all the life of the world, Master of music, color, and of verse, Is not worth a half penny.

Say that the coin is struck upon its birthday, Sooner or later death will tap his shoulder. Then where is he who engendered so very deep? There is the half penny.

Take to myself, while woefully perishing, Musty old deeds in chambers in the temple, Deeds that the title bore upon their pages To an old mansion.

All the rich owners gathered in the churchyard, For just remembered, most of them forgotten. Yet are their names here signed upon the parchment Just as they wrote them.

Hearts full of hope of many an attorney, Must have leaped high when spinning out these lengthy Deeds in the days when the longer the deed the longer the bill was.

Here is a marriage settlement; how joyful Was the fair bride who signed her maiden name there! Husband and wife, and children all are buried. Long, long ago now.

Yet I can touch where lay her gentle fingers, And I can wonder if her life was happy, Whether her husband treated her with kind or cruel care.

Close "this indenture" I must cease to ponder Over the dead past—lawyers are not poets. Work must be finished ere I can depart hence Home to my dinner.

—St. James Gazette.

THE COUNTRY DETECTIVE.

His Work is Harder Than His City Brother's.

His Only Reliable Assistant Usually Is His Trusty Revolver—A Case in Which One Used His Weapon with Remarkable Effect.

"The detective business, any way you take it," said a member of the profession, recently, "is interesting and exciting, but out here in the 'wilds of West Virginia' the dangers go 'way by the city detective's side. The city detective has all the help and needful accessories he wants; out here he has to be the entire force himself, for when he is wandering around among these mountains looking for an escaped murderer or train robber, he can't have an army of police officers at his beck and call. He and his revolver have to be the whole thing, and the only help he gets is what he has at the end of his weapon. It makes him self-reliant and pretty hard to get caught in a bad place, but he has a harder time than one thinks, keeping himself free. He plays a game of risky solitaire, he fact, and the worst of it is he doesn't even get into the papers like his more fortunate, but no braver, brother in the city."

"All right," said one of his listeners, as the country detective stopped to re-light his cigar, "go ahead with your story. It reminds you of—"

"Wrong again, young man," returned the officer, smiling, "for it doesn't remind me of any hair-breadth escapes. Fact is, I have been lucky in not getting into any very close places, and I never did a thing that would warrant my having my picture published in the newspapers."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed the young man, fervently.

"But," went on the other, without noticing the interruption, "we had one man down in Kanawha county whose life was one of the saddest and at the same time the busiest of any man's in the state. Never mind his name; he was at the head of an agency, and had only a few months ago, he had had more exciting incidents in the course of his life than any man I ever knew, and, if it is ever written out in full, it will prove as interesting as any half-dime novel you could find. He was a tall, thin man, with the quietest ways imaginable, and, strange to say, as modest as a girl when talking of any of the many fine 'catches' he made. He had been a newspaper man long before he became a detective, and that gave him a capacity for listening instead of talking himself. He rose rapidly in the last profession he took up, and there is hardly a well-known case in the state which he wasn't connected with in some way. He always acquitted himself well, too, and showed he understood the business clear from A to Z. Perfectly fearless and as agile as a tiger, it wasn't often that he was caught unawares. But once he came near being lost, and by the grossest piece of carelessness he was ever guilty of. He had two men, as desperate as mountain-range criminals always are, in his office. They were handcuffed, but that was all the guard having gone to get the town officials to carry them to jail. My friend was entertaining them in the meantime, and he got up to speak to the porter in the hall for not half a minute, about getting them some water which they had asked for, when he heard a movement in the room. He stepped quickly back in time to see one of the men reaching with both hands for a pistol belonging to the detective, which lay on his desk. 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